

The DUTCHES of

A Scott (1711)

MONMOUTH's Lamentation

For the Loss of Her

DUKE.

To the Tune of Tender - Hearts of London City.

Loyal Hearts of *London City*,
Come I pray and sing my Ditty,
Of my Love thats from me gone,
I am slighted and much spighted,
And am left alone to mourn.

Was not this a dreadful thing,
To make a Plot against the King,
And his Royal Brother too,
I am vexed and perplexed,
For my dear that prov'd untrue.

A Hellish Plot there was contrived,
And then at last they were devised,
To make it known unto the King,
How they had Plotted, and a Lotted,
A Murder then for to Kill him.

But *Shaftsbury* and his wits confounded,
That had my *Jemmy* so be-rounded,
For to Conspire against his King,
But God Direct and him Protect,
That they may never Murder him.

My *Jemmy* was a Subject Loyal,
But now has prov'd himself Disloyal,
Then she Cryed out a main;
My Heart will break, for my Loves sake,
Because he ne're will come again.

Jemmy now is prov'd a Traytor,
Tony and he were so sad Creatures,
For to meddle so with things,
That were too high proud *Shaftsbury*,
For him to meddle so with Kings.

Shaftsbury was wonderful witty,
To Ruin three Nations, more's the pity,
Of it he was very shy,
But he is fled and is since Dead,
That did disturb true *Monarchy*.

Jemmy once was Loyal hearted,
And would his Life soon apparted
For his King and Nations good;
He delighting all in Fighting,
Made his peace where e're he stood.

Shaftsbury, he was a Rebbel,
Unto the King he was uncivil,
For all the Honour he did gain,
The King he slighted and much spighted
And so he did his Royal Train.

Jemmy was a Foe to no Man,
Till wheeld in by *Shaftsbury*,
Till at last he was forc'd to fly,
You know the Reason 'twas for Treason
For disturbing *Monarchy*.

The Horrid Plot that were then known,
Then against the King and Crown,
That makes my Heart to Bleed full sad,
For to hear my only dear,
Were lately grown so very bad.

All my joys are gone and Blasted,
I with grief am almost wasted
For my *Jemmy* that's to me dear,
Then from her Eyes with fresh Supplies,
Down trickles many a Brackish Tear.

God bless the King and his Royal Brother,
And keep us from such horrid puther,
That were Contriv'd by *Shaftsbury*,
He was a Wretch fit for *Jack Ketch*;
For disturbing of *Monarchy*.

Now she ends her doleful story,
Her Lamentation laid before ye,
She Laments for her own Dear,
Then from her eyes, with fresh supplies,
Down Trickles many a brackish Tear.

Printed in the Year, 1683;